MARVEL COMICS

OCT

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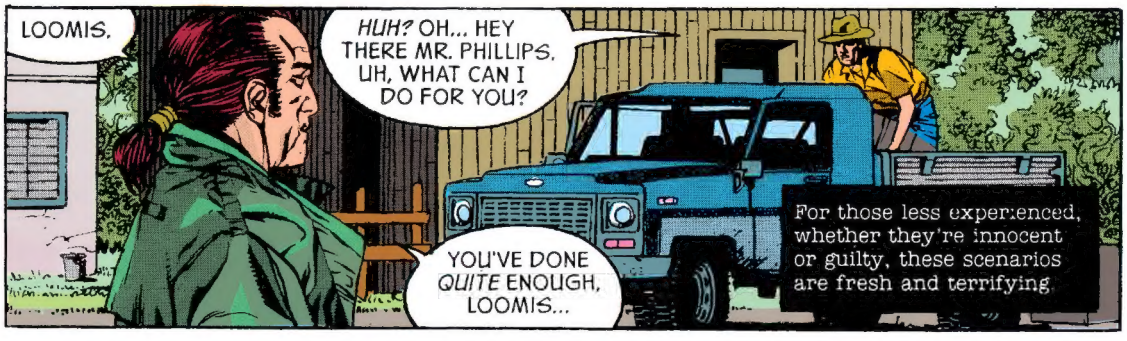
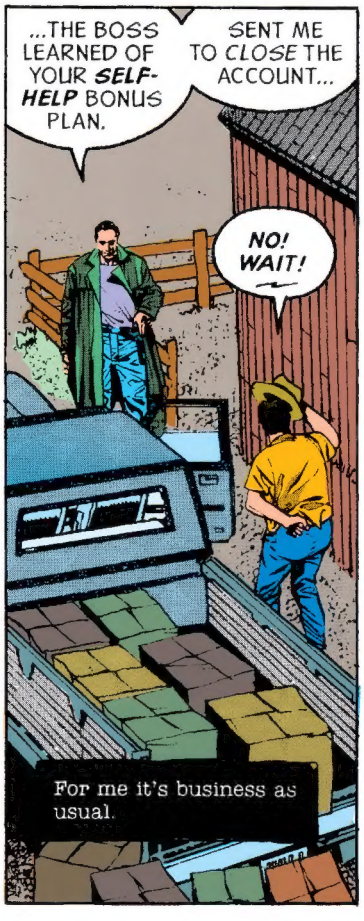
WOLVERINE AND THE PUNISHER

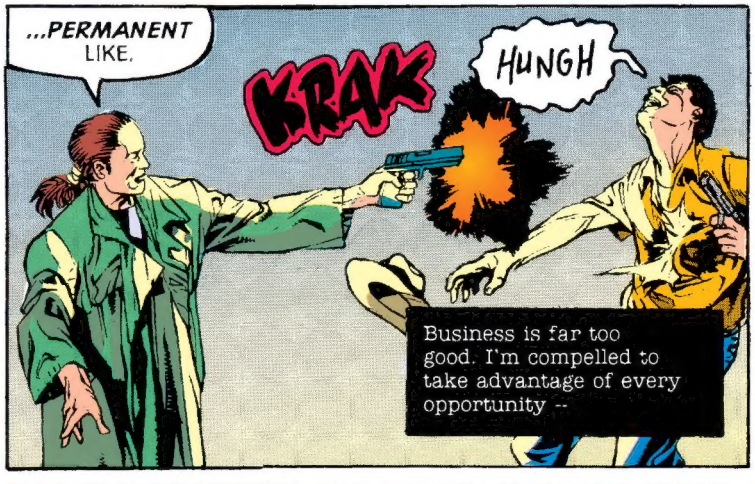
#1 OF 3

damaging evidence

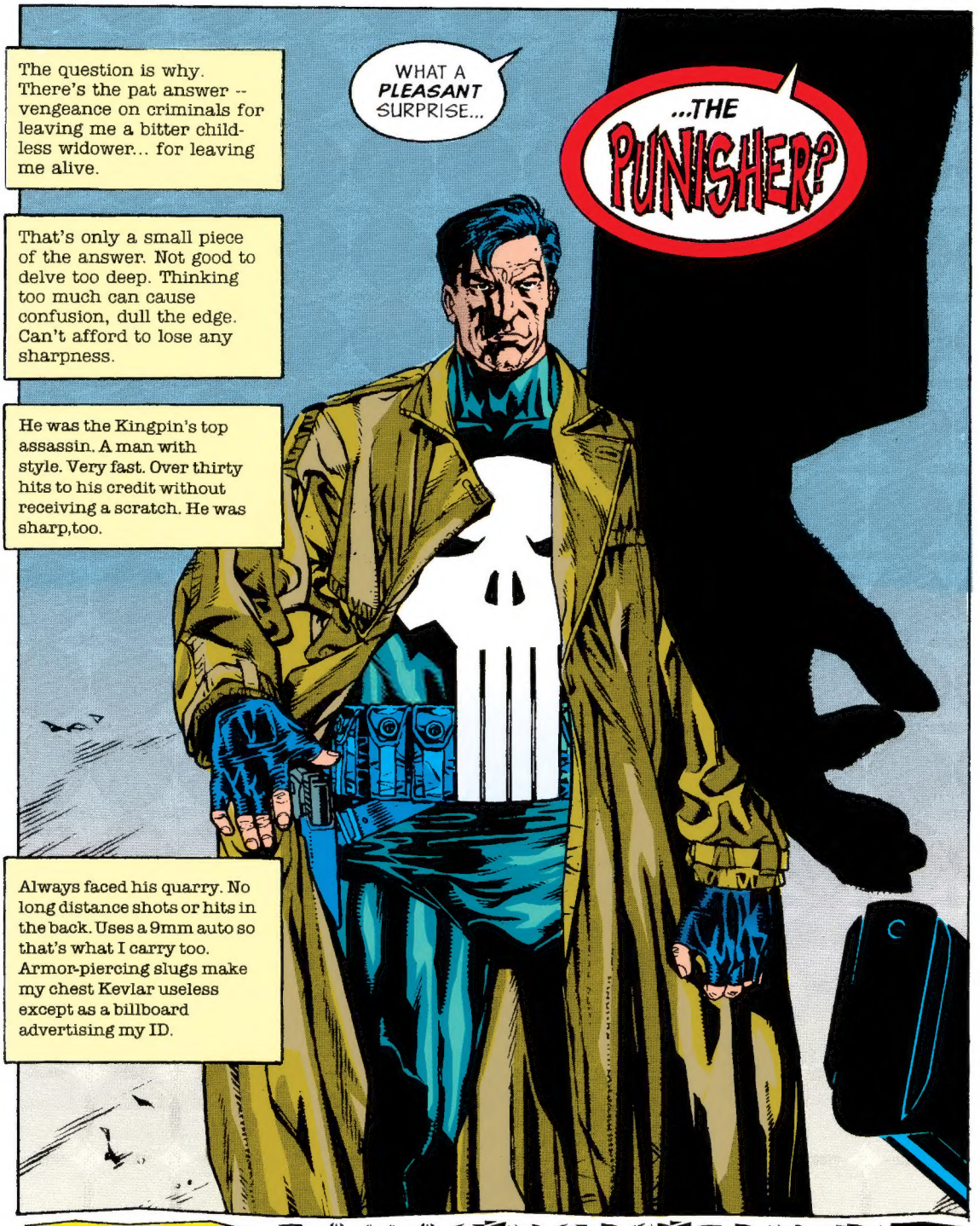
It's a classic scenario.
Some might call it cliche -- not due to lack of motivation but through over-exposure.
Seen it, been in it, hundreds of times now.


LOOMIS.
HUH? OH... HEY THERE MR. PHILLIPS. UH, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOU'VE DONE QUITE ENOUGH, LOOMIS...
For those less experienced, whether they're innocent or guilty, these scenarios are fresh and terrifying.


...THE BOSS LEARNED OF YOUR SELF-HELP BONUS PLAN.
SENT ME TO CLOSE THE ACCOUNT...
NO! WAIT!
For me it's business as usual.


...PERMANENT LIKE.
KRAK
HUNGH
Business is far too good. I'm compelled to take advantage of every opportunity --

-- even when I find myself playing into a hackneyed situation like this -- two top guns in a dusty showdown.
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



the Punisher IN WOLVERINE DAMAGING EVIDENCE PART 1 OF 3

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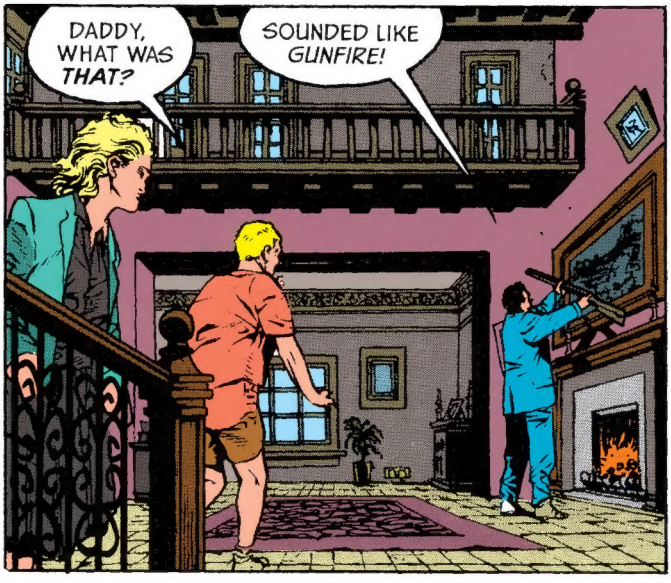
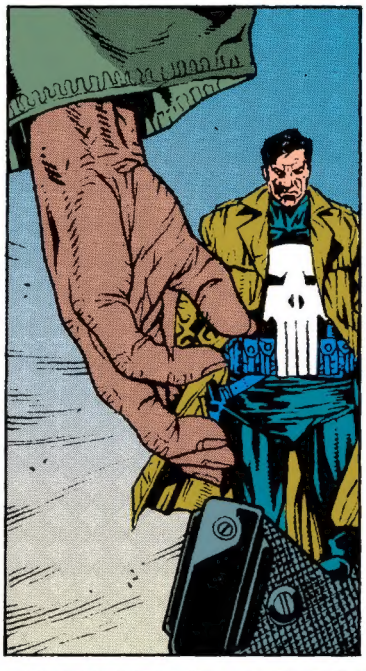

DADDY, WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE GUNFIRE!

STAY PUT.
PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

AS THE CHALLENGED, I GET TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE, EH?
WITH ONE SHOT I'LL EARN A BONUS FROM THE BOSS BIG ENOUGH TO RETIRE ON!

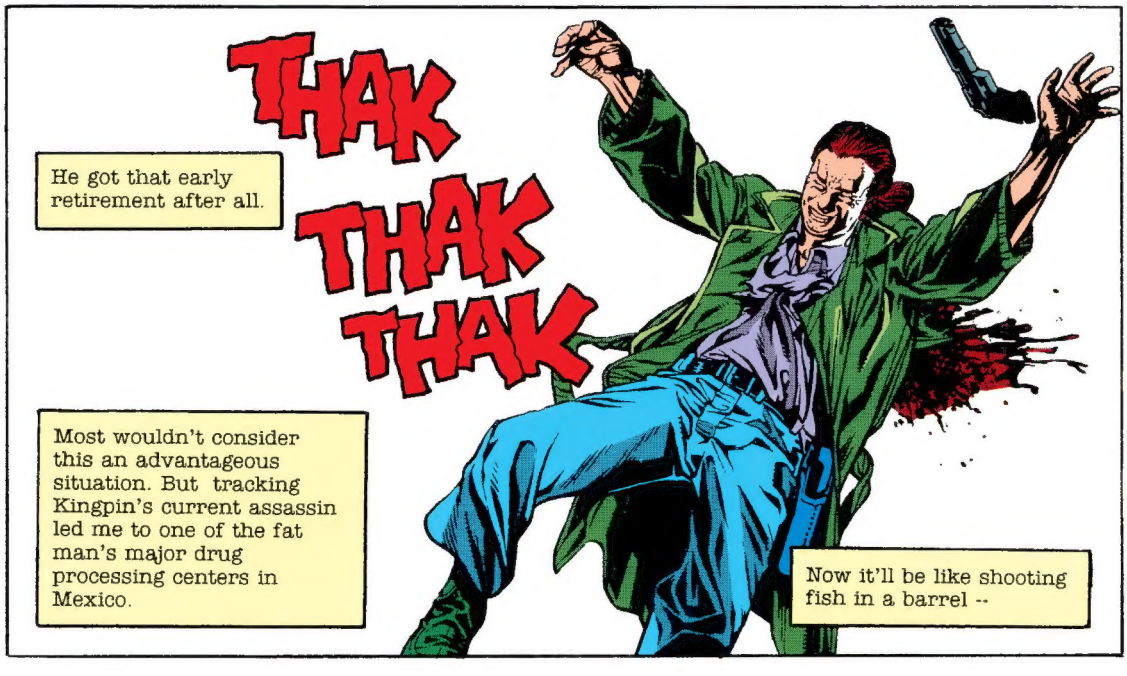


HEY! WHAT'S --

THANK YOU, MR. MOORE!
KRAK KRAK
He uses the distraction — drawing and ducking in one fluid motion.

Nice moves.
KRAK KRAK KRAK
HELP! EVERYONE COME RUNNIN'!

Best follow suit.
THAK THAK


THAK THAK THAK
He got that early retirement after all.
Most wouldn't consider this an advantageous situation. But tracking Kingpin's current assassin led me to one of the fat man's major drug processing centers in Mexico.
Now it'll be like shooting fish in a barrel --

-- obliterate this operation in one afternoon.
KRTK
THAK THAK THAK
BLAM BLAM
DAD! DAD!
SEAN! STOP! COME BACK HERE!

SOMETHING'S UP DOWN THERE. GARBLED RADIO MESSAGE -- SOMETHING ABOUT A GUN FIGHT!
I SEE HIM. LONE GUNMAN TAKING ON THE WHOLE DAMN RANCH. DOING PRETTY GOOD, TOO, BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS.
HOW CAN YOU SEE ALL THAT, SNIPER? I CAN BARELY TELL UP FROM DOWN IN THIS MESS!
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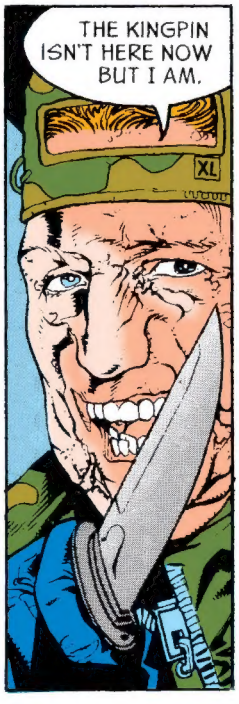
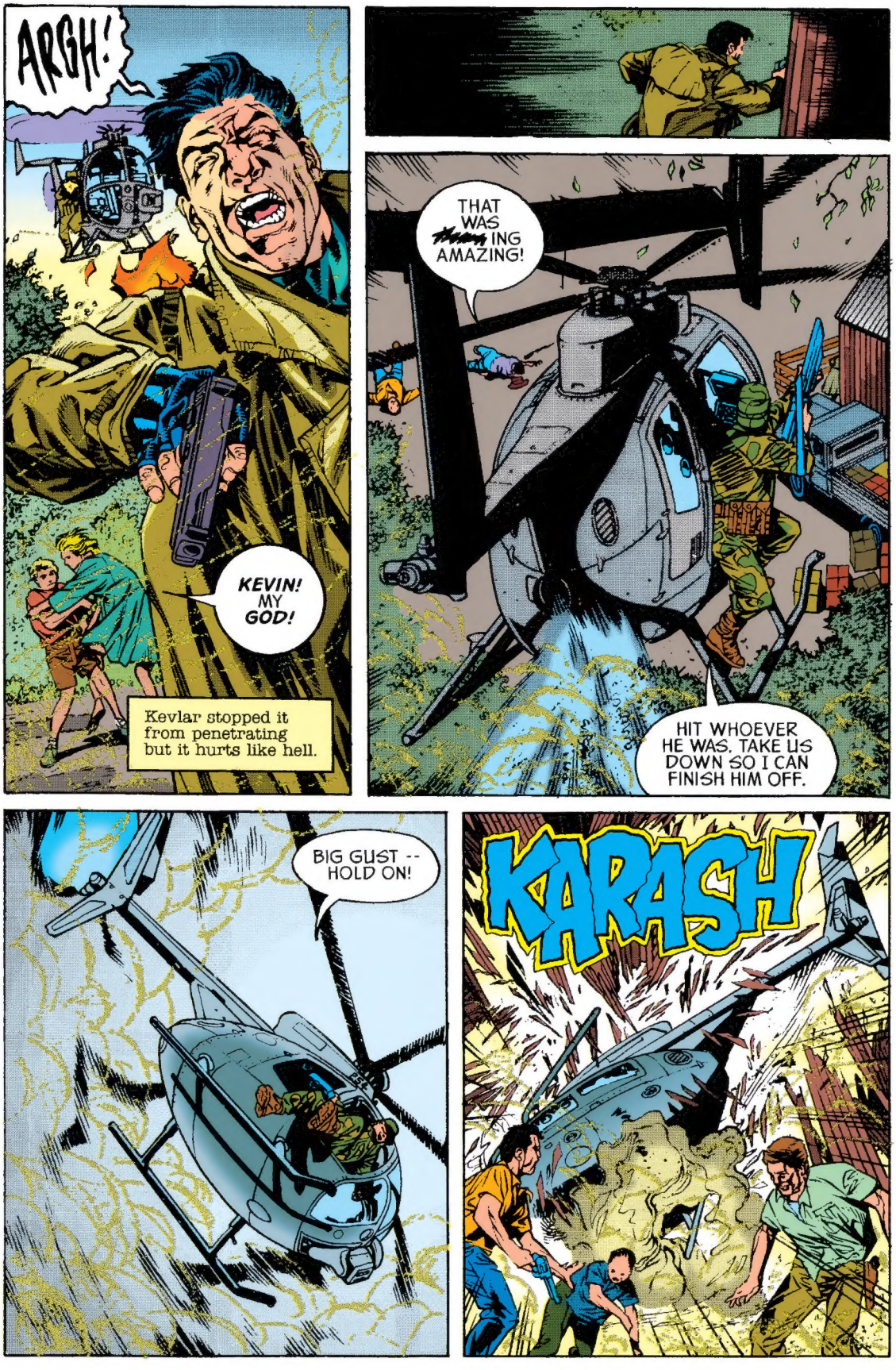
MY EAGLE EYES ARE PART OF WHAT YOUR BOSS IS PAYING PREMIUM RATES FOR. NOW GET US DOWN THERE WHERE THE ACTION IS.
NO WAY! I'M FINDING A SAFE CLEAR AREA TO PUT THIS BABY DOWN BEFORE WE GET SAND-BLASTED FROM THE SKY!
VR
MY ORDERS WERE SPECIFIC -- GET YOU SAFELY TO THIS RANCH TO FINISH YOUR RECUPERATION -- ANYHOW I HEAR THE PUNISHER TORE YOU UP.
YOU DON'T DISOBEY THE BOSS!

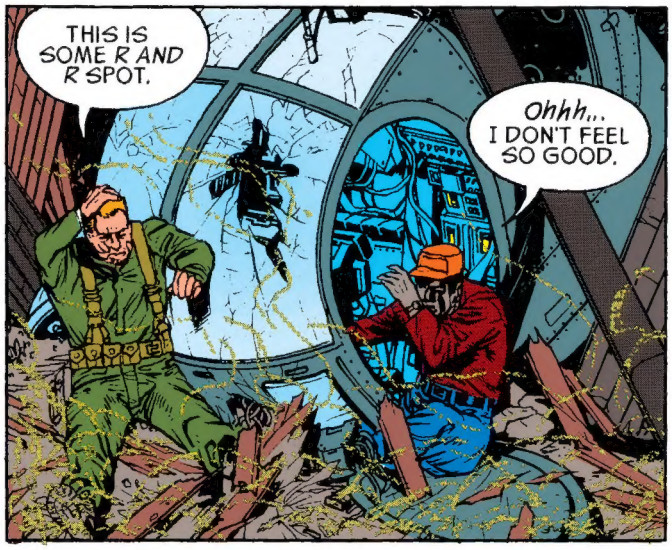

THE KINGPIN ISN'T HERE NOW BUT I AM.
XL

OKAY! ALRIGHT! YOU GOT IT -- WE'RE GOING IN!
VR

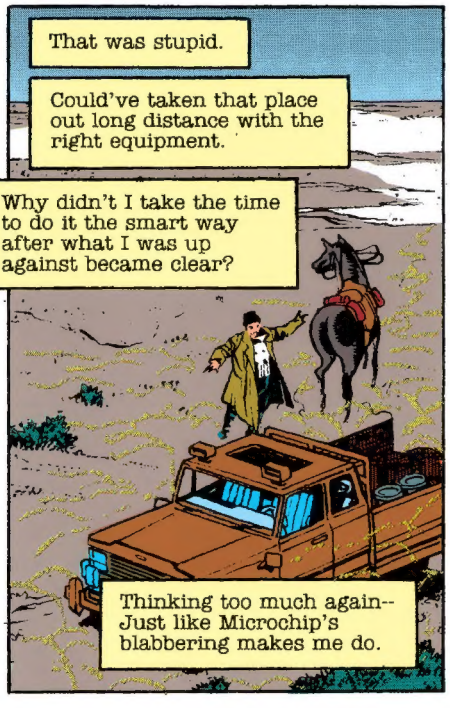
Most of these guys don't know how to handle a gun.
They'll probably plug more of each other than I will.
DAD!
OH, MY GOD.
THAK THAK THAK
No.
BLAM KRAK THAK
MURDERER!
Situation is no longer...under control.
BLAM KRAK BLAM
Time to leave.
A'EEE!
Left my ride back here.
THAK THAK
BLAM


ARGH!
KEVIN! MY GOD!
Kevlar stopped it from penetrating but it hurts like hell.
THAT WAS ING AMAZING!
HIT WHOEVER HE WAS. TAKE US DOWN SO I CAN FINISH HIM OFF.
BIG GUST -- HOLD ON!
KARASH

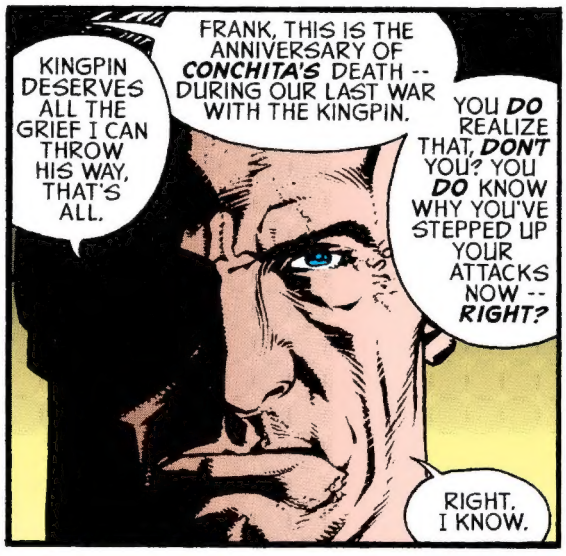
Crash gave me a breather.
Can hear them moving up on both sides now.

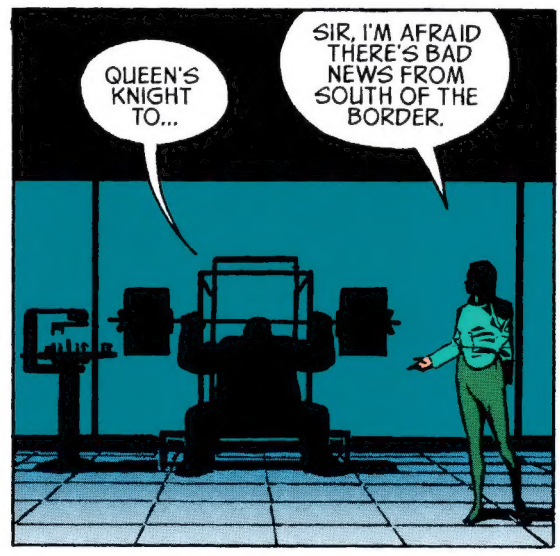

THIS IS SOME R AND R SPOT.
Ohhh... I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

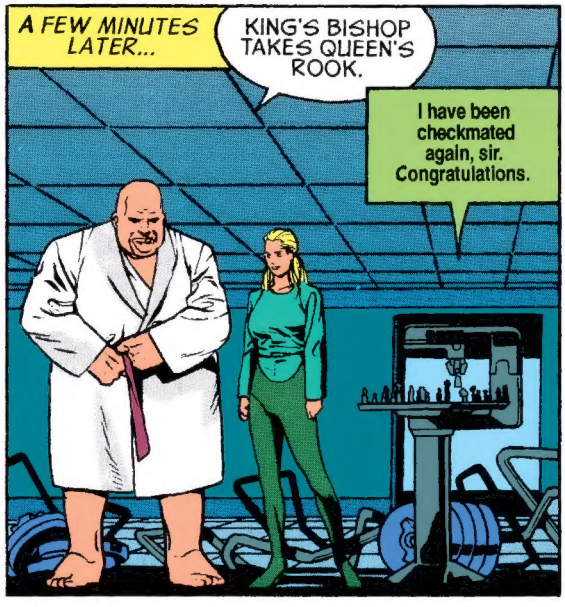
Got to move.
NAIL 'IM OR WE'LL LOSE 'IM IN THE STORM!
BLAM POW POW

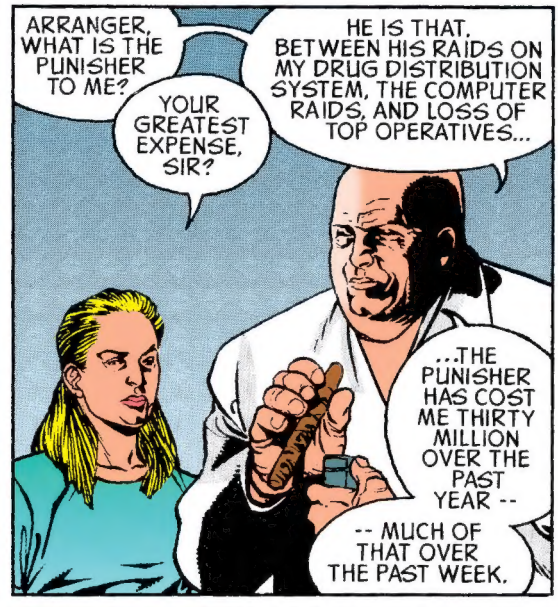

That was stupid.
Could've taken that place out long distance with the right equipment.
Why didn't I take the time to do it the smart way after what I was up against became clear?
Thinking too much again-- Just like Microchip's blabbering makes me do.

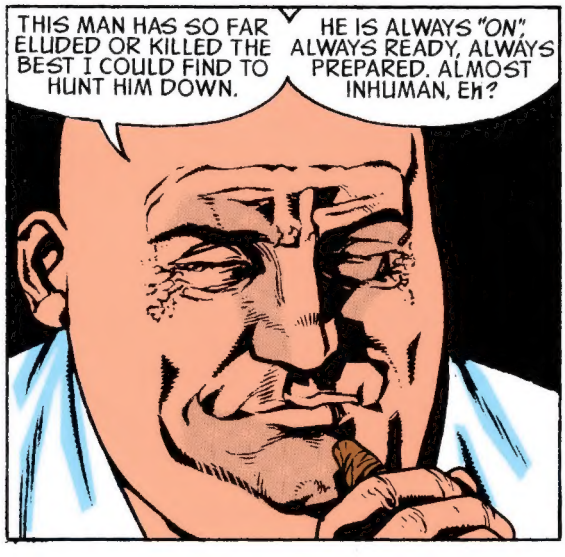
DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRUD, FRANK -- THINKING DEEP ABOUT THINGS DOESN'T TURN YOUR BRAIN TO MUSH, JUST THE OPPOSITE.
HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, MICRO.
YOU'VE BEEN ON A MAJOR JONES TO BUST UP KINGPIN OPERATIONS ALL WEEK. DO YOU KNOW WHY?

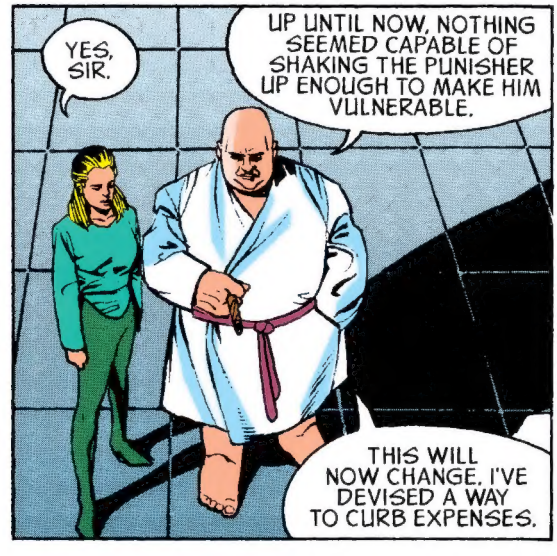

KINGPIN DESERVES ALL THE GRIEF I CAN THROW HIS WAY, THAT'S ALL.
FRANK, THIS IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF CONCHITA'S DEATH -- DURING OUR LAST WAR WITH THE KINGPIN.
YOU DO REALIZE THAT, DON'T YOU? YOU DO KNOW WHY YOU'VE STEPPED UP YOUR ATTACKS NOW -- RIGHT?
RIGHT. I KNOW.


QUEEN'S KNIGHT TO...
SIR, I'M AFRAID THERE'S BAD NEWS FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER.

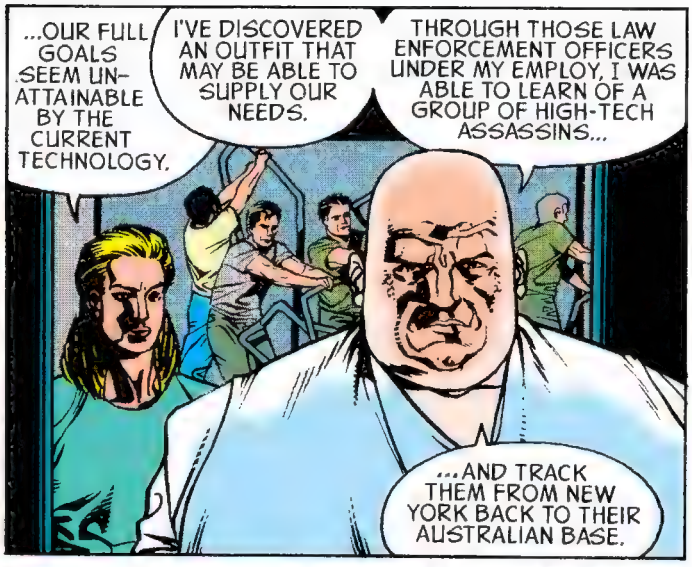

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
KING'S BISHOP TAKES QUEEN'S ROOK.
I have been checkmated again, sir. Congratulations.

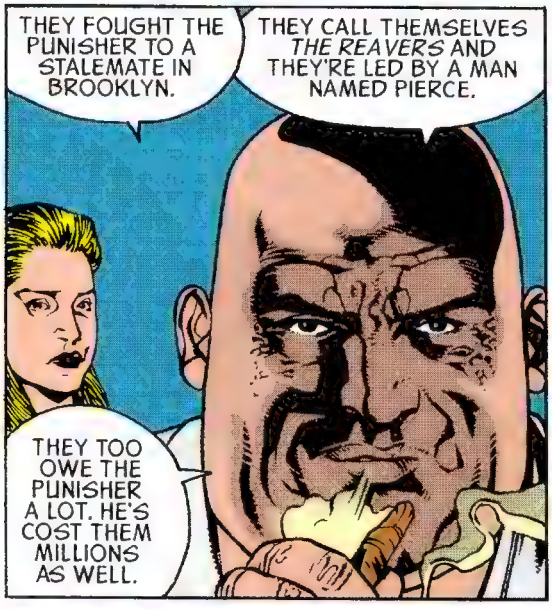

ARRANGER, WHAT IS THE PUNISHER TO ME?
YOUR GREATEST EXPENSE, SIR?
HE IS THAT. BETWEEN HIS RAIDS ON MY DRUG DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM, THE COMPUTER RAIDS, AND LOSS OF TOP OPERATIVES...
...THE PUNISHER HAS COST ME THIRTY MILLION OVER THE PAST YEAR --
-- MUCH OF THAT OVER THE PAST WEEK.

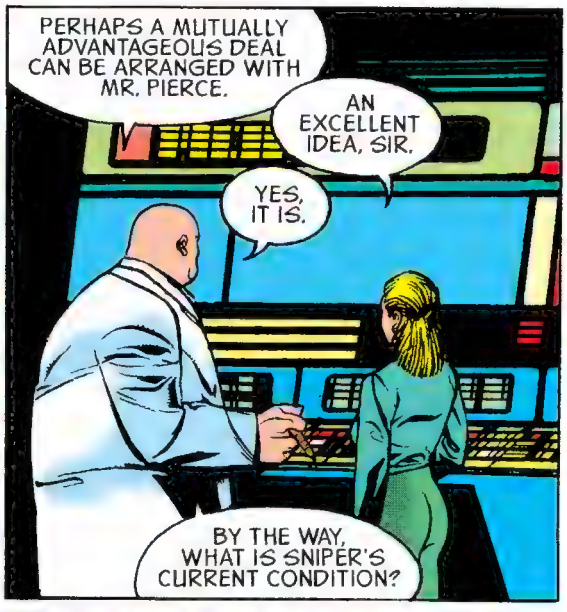

THIS MAN HAS SO FAR ELUDED OR KILLED THE BEST I COULD FIND TO HUNT HIM DOWN.
HE IS ALWAYS "ON", ALWAYS READY, ALWAYS PREPARED. ALMOST INHUMAN, Eh?

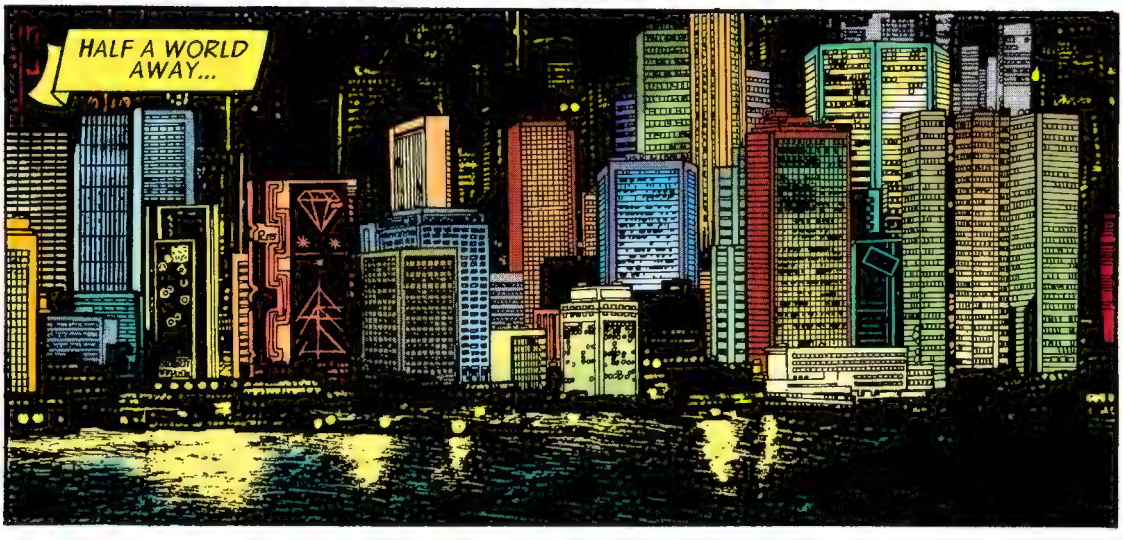

YES, SIR.
UP UNTIL NOW, NOTHING SEEMED CAPABLE OF SHAKING THE PUNISHER UP ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM VULNERABLE.
THIS WILL NOW CHANGE. I'VE DEVISED A WAY TO CURB EXPENSES.

HOW IS THE RECRUITMENT PROCESS GOING? I'M PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN DAMAGE.
DAMAGE IS EIGHTY-FIVE PERCENT COMPLETE, SIR. HOWEVER...
BEEP


...OUR FULL GOALS SEEM UN-ATTAINABLE BY THE CURRENT TECHNOLOGY.
I'VE DISCOVERED AN OUTFIT THAT MAY BE ABLE TO SUPPLY OUR NEEDS.
THROUGH THOSE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS UNDER MY EMPLOY, I WAS ABLE TO LEARN OF A GROUP OF HIGH-TECH ASSASSINS...
...AND TRACK THEM FROM NEW YORK BACK TO THEIR AUSTRALIAN BASE.


THEY FOUGHT THE PUNISHER TO A STALEMATE IN BROOKLYN.
THEY CALL THEMSELVES *THE REAVERS* AND THEY'RE LED BY A MAN NAMED PIERCE.
THEY TOO OWE THE PUNISHER A LOT. HE'S COST THEM MILLIONS AS WELL.

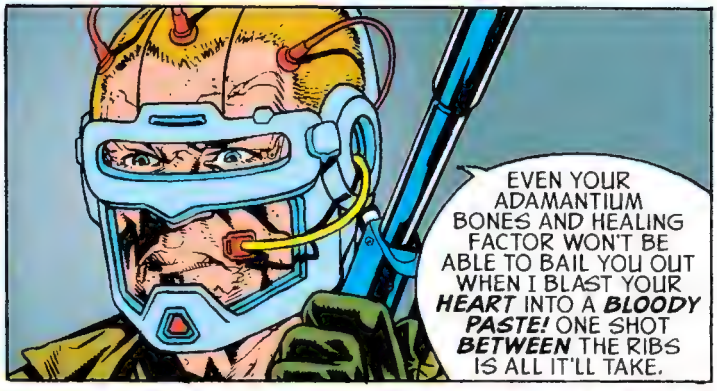

PERHAPS A MUTUALLY ADVANTAGEOUS DEAL CAN BE ARRANGED WITH MR. PIERCE.
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, SIR.
YES, IT IS.
BY THE WAY, WHAT IS SNIPER'S CURRENT CONDITION?

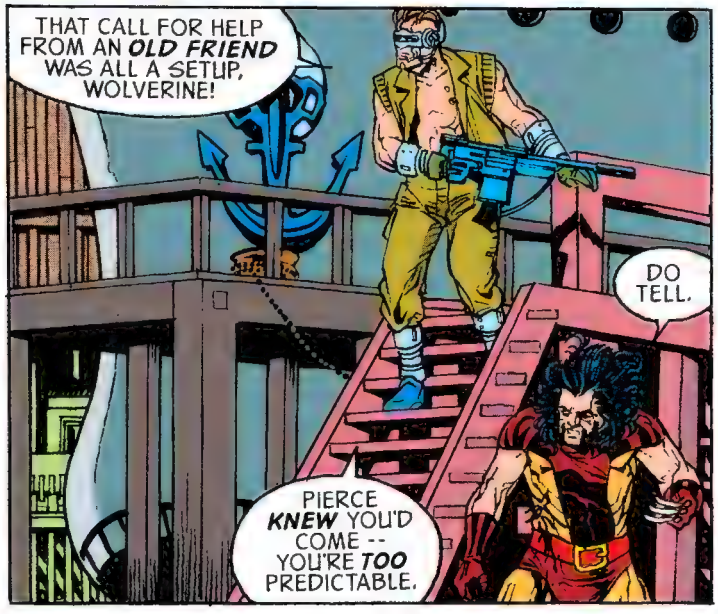

HALF A WORLD AWAY...

LOOKIN' FOR ME, REESE?

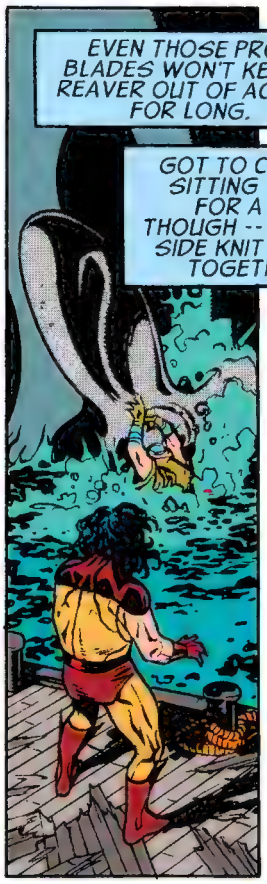
SPIRIT OF TRUTH
UNGH. THAT ONE'S GOING TO TAKE A WHILE TO MEND.
GOT TO SEVER HIS COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE OTHER REAVERS 'FORE HE CALLS THEM ALL DOWN ON MY HEAD.

NO ESCAPE, X-MAN. WE'VE GOT ALL OF HONG KONG COVERED!


EVEN YOUR ADAMANTIUM BONES AND HEALING FACTOR WON'T BE ABLE TO BAIL YOU OUT WHEN I BLAST YOUR HEART INTO A BLOODY PASTE! ONE SHOT BETWEEN THE RIBS IS ALL IT'LL TAKE.


THAT CALL FOR HELP FROM AN OLD FRIEND WAS ALL A SETUP, WOLVERINE!
DO TELL.
PIERCE KNEW YOU'D COME -- YOU'RE TOO PREDICTABLE.

THEN YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THIS COMIN'.
WHOAH!
SLASH

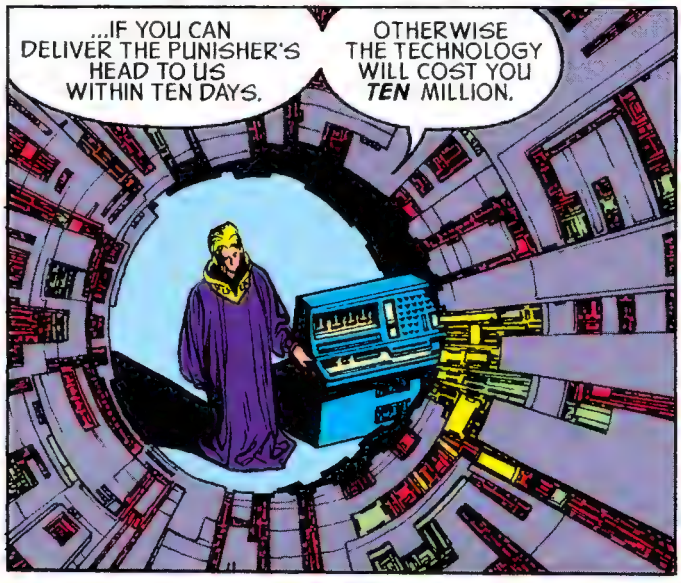

EVEN THOSE PROP BLADES WON'T KEEP A REAVER OUT OF ACTION FOR LONG.
GOT TO CHANCE SITTING TIGHT FOR A BIT THOUGH -- LET THE SIDE KNIT ITSELF TOGETHER.

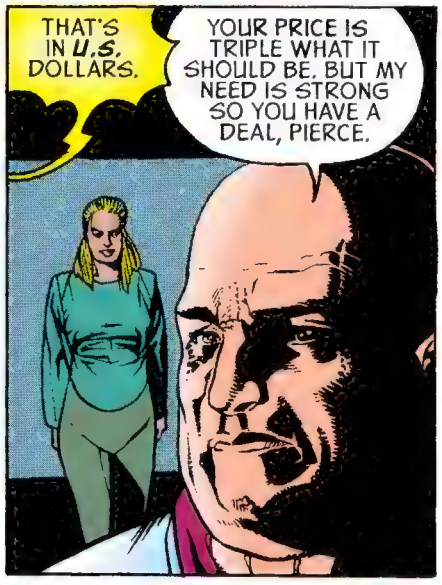
BONEBREAKER, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO REESE? I'VE LOST ALL CONTACT!
HE'S OFF MY SCOPE, TOO, PRETTY BOY.
THIS IS PIERCE. CONVERGE ON REESE'S LAST COORDINATES...
BE ABLE TO SMELL 'EM 'FORE THEY'RE WITHIN HALF A MILE.
BUT I'M IN NO SHAPE TO TAKE ON ALL THESE HIGH-TECH IDIOTS.

...REPORT BACK TO ME AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVE. MEANWHILE, I'M ON ANOTHER LINE WITH SOMEONE OFFERING TO TAKE CARE OF ANOTHER COSTLY HEADACHE OF OURS -- THE PUNISHER.
I WANTED TO DO THAT BOY MYSELF, PIERCE!
TAKE CARE OF CURRENT MATTERS FIRST, BONEBREAKER.

ANOTHER "FRIEND" IN NEED.
JUST WHAT I NEED.

...FIVE MILLION IS FAR TOO MUCH FOR WHAT YOU WOULD BE PROVIDING.
NONSENSE. HOWEVER, I'M WILLING TO SEND THE TECHNOLOGY YOU NEED TO FINISH YOUR DAMAGE PROJECT, KINGPIN -- FOR FREE...

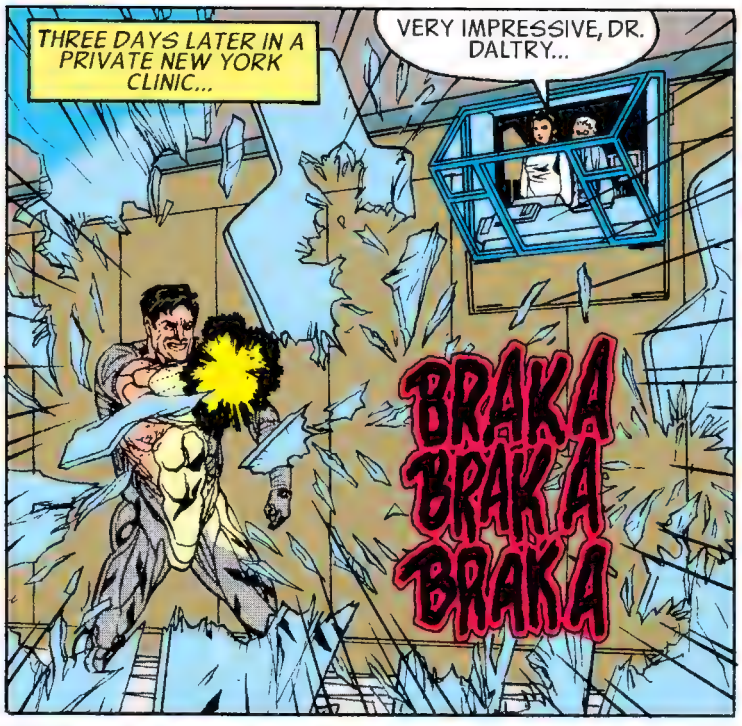

...IF YOU CAN DELIVER THE PUNISHER'S HEAD TO US WITHIN TEN DAYS.
OTHERWISE THE TECHNOLOGY WILL COST YOU TEN MILLION.

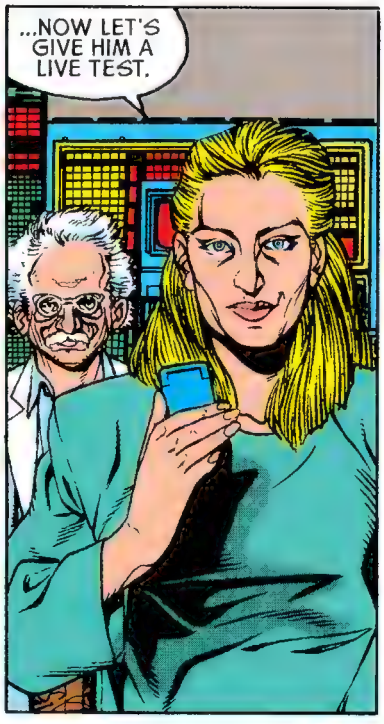

THAT'S IN U.S. DOLLARS.
YOUR PRICE IS TRIPLE WHAT IT SHOULD BE. BUT MY NEED IS STRONG SO YOU HAVE A DEAL, PIERCE.

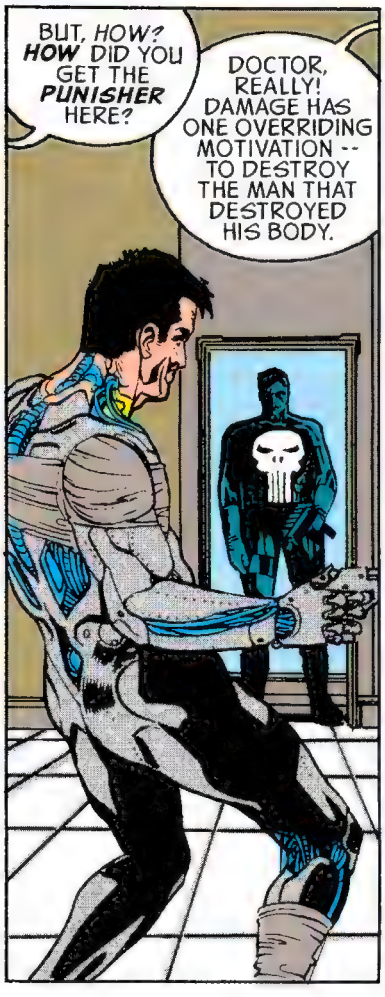
CURIOSITY COMPELS ME TO ASK WHY THE REAVERS HAVEN'T SEEN TO THE PUNISHER'S DEMISE.
WE HAVE BIGGER GAME TO HUNT.
PERHAPS I CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU IN THIS OTHER MATTER.

I SINCERELY DOUBT THAT WOULD BE USEFUL, MR. FISK. OVER AND OUT.

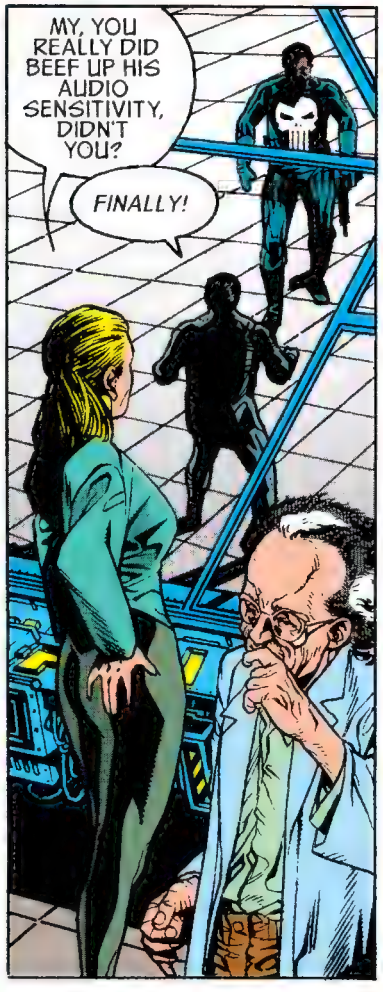
THE POMPOUS BOOR HAS NO IDEA I JUST MANIPULATED HIM INTO GIVING ME MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF TECHNOLOGY.
YOU ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH THE DEADLINE, SIR?
CLIK
NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR. NOT AT ALL.

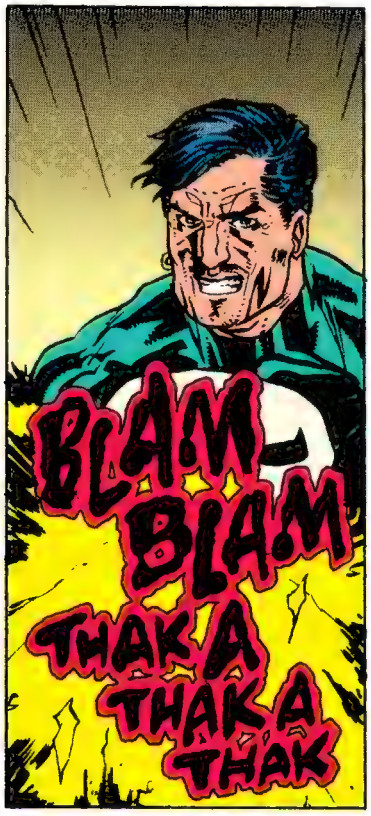

THREE DAYS LATER IN A PRIVATE NEW YORK CLINIC...
VERY IMPRESSIVE, DR. DALTRY...
BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

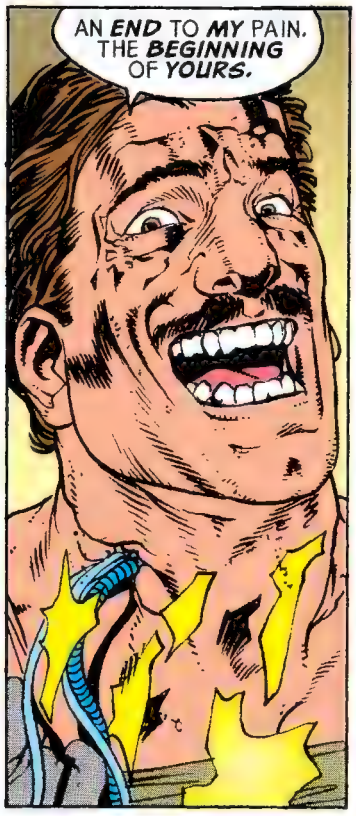

...NOW LET'S GIVE HIM A LIVE TEST.

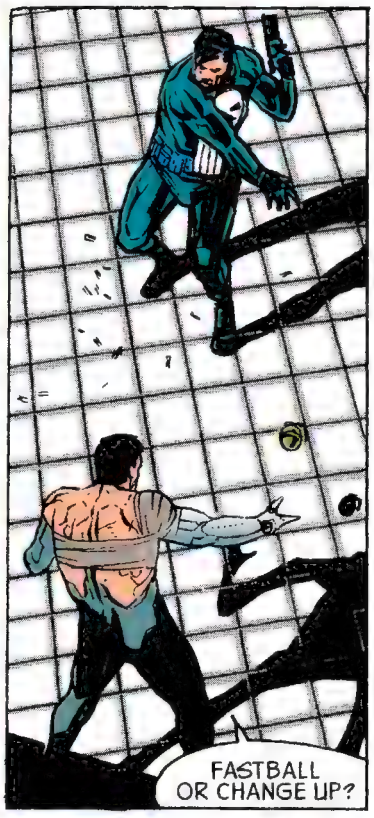

BUT, HOW? HOW DID YOU GET THE PUNISHER HERE?
DOCTOR, REALLY! DAMAGE HAS ONE OVERRIDING MOTIVATION -- TO DESTROY THE MAN THAT DESTROYED HIS BODY.

PUNISHER!
IT WAS HIS DETERMINATION TO KILL THE PUNISHER THAT PULLED HIM THROUGH ALL THE SURGERY, ALL THE GRAFTS, ALL THE PAIN.
YA GOT THAT RIGHT!

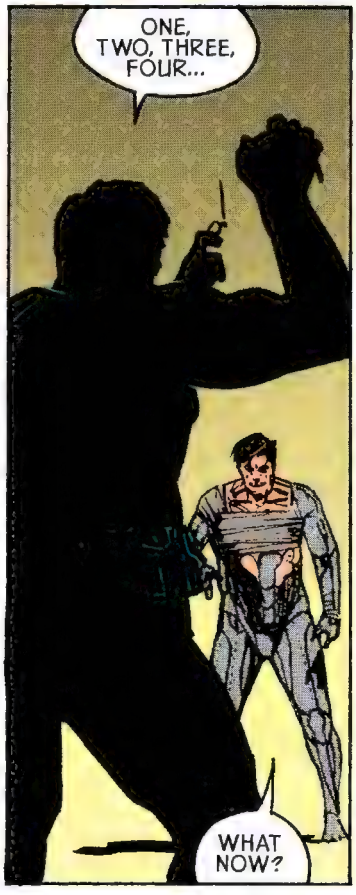

MY, YOU REALLY DID BEEF UP HIS AUDIO SENSITIVITY, DIDN'T YOU?
FINALLY!

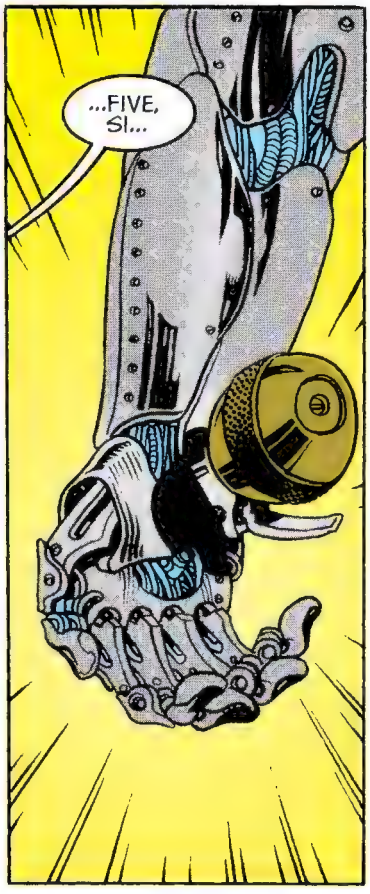

BLAM-BLAM
THAK A THAK A THAK


AN END TO MY PAIN. THE BEGINNING OF YOURS.


FASTBALL OR CHANGE UP?

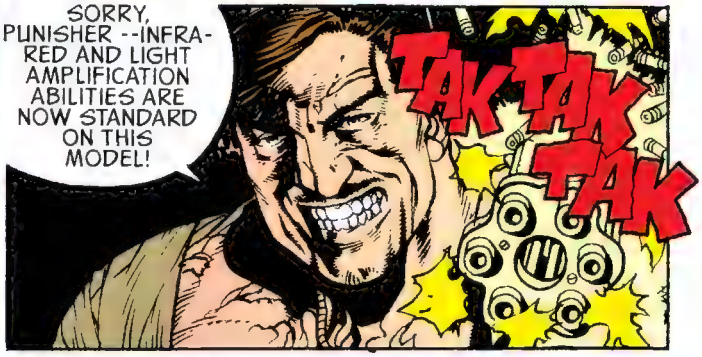
MORE LIKE A BREAKING BALL -- HA!


ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...
WHAT NOW?

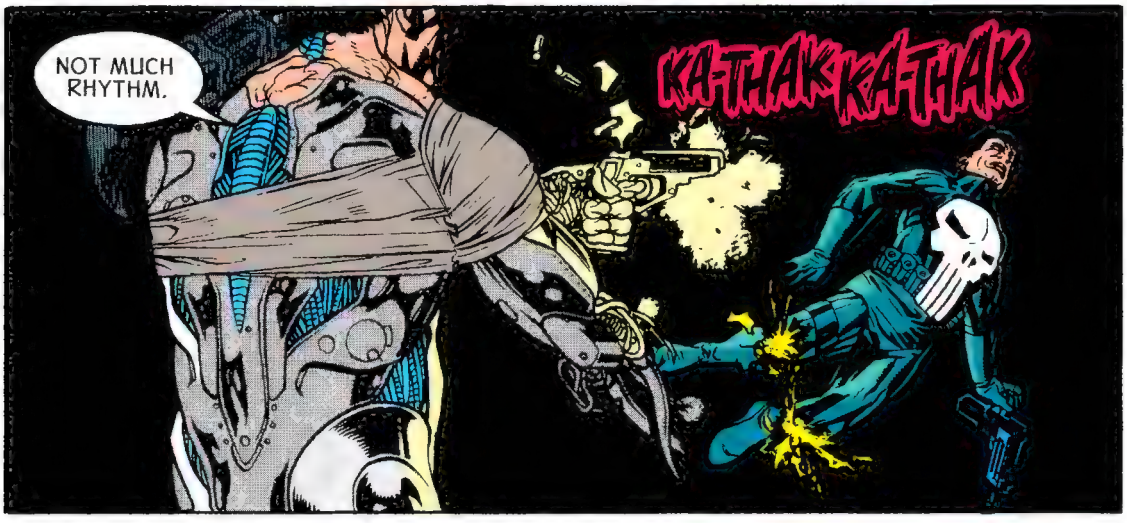

...FIVE, SI...

GEEZ! THAT WOULD'VE HURT IF I WAS STILL ALL FLESH AND BLOOD.
KA-THAM

NOW I'LL JUST HAVE TO ORDER A SPARE FROM THE SHOP! WHAT'S THIS?
GOIN' FOR THE LIGHTS?
BLAM BLAM BLAM

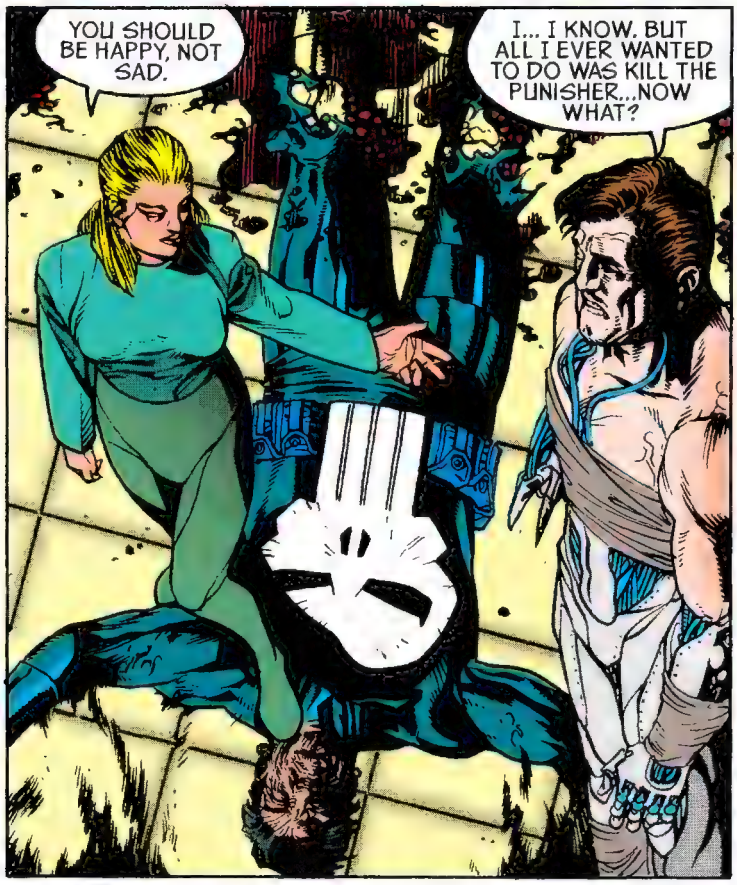

SORRY, PUNISHER --INFRA-RED AND LIGHT AMPLIFICATION ABILITIES ARE NOW STANDARD ON THIS MODEL!
TAK TAK TAK

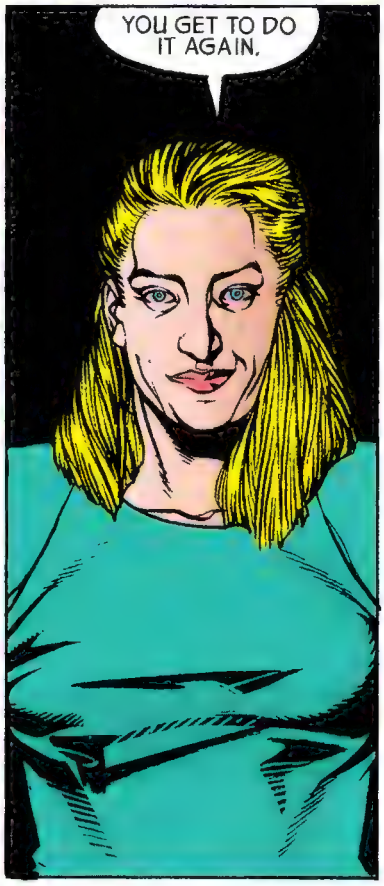
DANCE FOR YOUR SUPPER, BOY!
TAKATAKATAKA


NOT MUCH RHYTHM.
KA-THAK KA-THAK

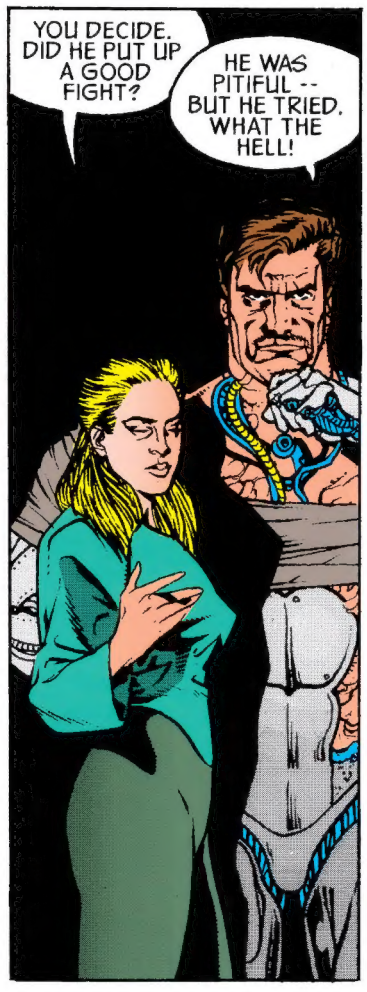
YOU LOOK TIRED -- NO ENERGY LEFT?
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

I CAN FIX THAT!
AIEEEEE
ZZZAPP


YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY, NOT SAD.
I... I KNOW. BUT ALL I EVER WANTED TO DO WAS KILL THE PUNISHER...NOW WHAT?

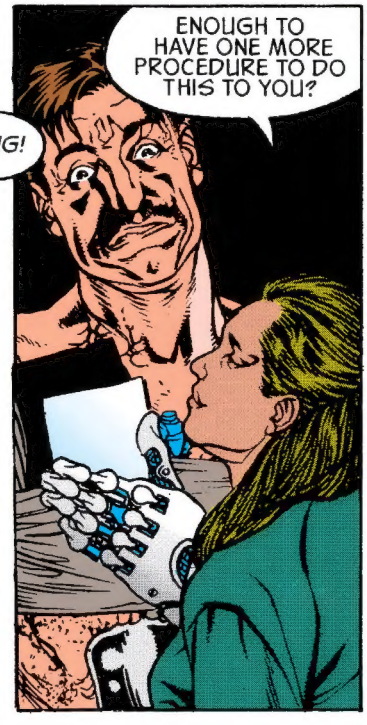

YOU GET TO DO IT AGAIN.

THIS WAS NOT THE REAL PUNISHER-- ONLY A WORKER WHO DISOBEYED OUR EMPLOYER.
WHAT?! YOU TRICKED ME!
REMEMBER, THAT MEANS THE REAL PUNISHER IS STILL OUT THERE-- WAITING FOR YOU.
THIS MAN WAS TOLD HE'D BE FORGIVEN IF HE COULD DEFEAT YOU. IF HE DIDN'T, HE WOULD DIE BUT HIS FAMILY WOULD RECEIVE A PENSION -- IF HE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.


YOU DECIDE. DID HE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT?
HE WAS PITIFUL -- BUT HE TRIED. WHAT THE HELL!

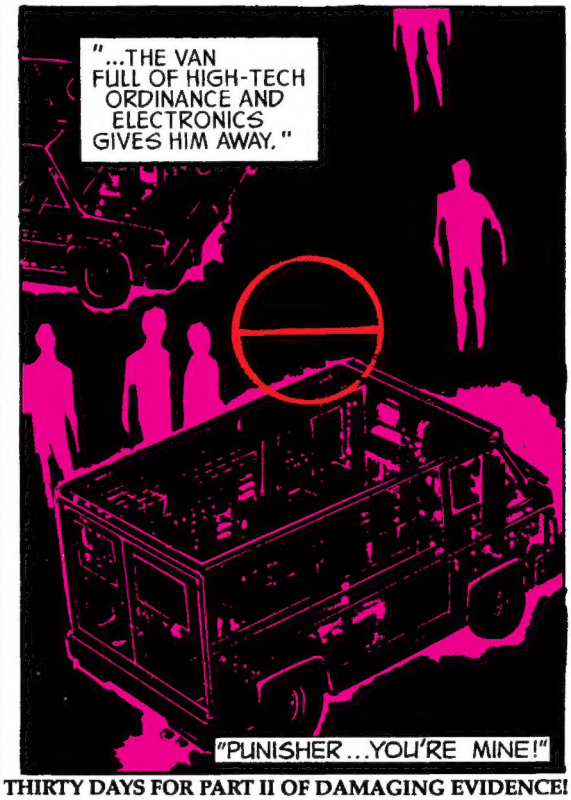
SO, I CAN DO IT AGAIN, Huh? I CAN KILL THE PUNISHER AGAIN?
WE'RE COUNTING ON IT. AND SOON.

JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU HATE THE PUNISHER?
TOTALLY.
ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING TO DESTROY HIM?
ANYTHING!


ENOUGH TO HAVE ONE MORE PROCEDURE TO DO THIS TO YOU?

SURE -- WHAT THE HELL!

ACROSS TOWN AND THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR...
THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE MAN I MET IN THE HEART OF AFRICA OR FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH AGAINST BLACKHEART.
PLEASE PREPARE FOR ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK'S JFK AIRPORT.
The Globe
BYSTANDERS KILLED IN PUNISHER SHOOT-OUT WITH
TRAVELED HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD TO WARN HIM ABOUT THE REAVERS' THREAT --AND FIND OUT WHO IT IS THEY'RE CONSPIRING WITH.
PUNISHER'S A DANGEROUS LOOSE CANNON -- ALWAYS WALKIN' THE LINE. ALWAYS IN DANGER OF GOING OVER...
...TRAITS I CAN EMPATHIZE WITH.
IF HE IS STEPPING OVER THE LINE IT MAY TAKE A KINDRED SOUL TO SHOW HIM THE WAY BACK. OR, IF NEEDED...
THANKS.
...TO TAKE HIM DOWN.
THANK YOU, SIR.
SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM FROM HIS LAST KNOWN LOCATION BY HIS SCENT TRAIL -- IF MY SENSES CAN COPE WITH THIS ENVIRONMENT.
THIS CITY REALLY STINKS.
ARRIVALS GATES 23-4
...AND THE FAMILIES OF THE VICTIMS OF THE PUNISHER'S CROSSFIRE ARE OBVIOUSLY TOO DISTRAUGHT TO COMMENT...



WHO'S GOT THE PUNISHER ZEROED IN? BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS FOR PART II OF DAMAGING EVIDENCE!

NEXT ISSUE!
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